

INTERIOR JOURNAL.

VOL. I.

STANFORD, LINCOLN COUNTY, KENTUCKY, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1872.

NO. 39.

THE INTERIOR JOURNAL.

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THE RED CROSS.

The year is drawing to a close, and we need the money due on subscription. Those of our subscribers who find a red X after their names on the margin of the paper, or on the wrapper, are politely notified that their subscription is due, or over due, and are requested to remit the same immediately. We desire to purchase a power press, and enlarge our paper four columns at the beginning of our second volume, and will do so if properly encouraged, and promptly paid. Please come to our assistance, friends, and we will make you the LARGEST if not the BEST weekly paper in Central Kentucky.

From the Home Circle.

BACKWOODS KIT;

—on—

THE LONE DOVE OF KENTUCKY.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

Among the brave women who followed the redoubtable Benjamin Logan across the mountains, for the purpose of establishing a settlement in Kentucky, truly called the "dark and bloody ground," was Beatrice Lindsay. Left an orphan a few months prior to the emigration, she had nothing, save recollections of by-gone days, to bind her to the old North State, and with her little brother, a lad of twelve, she embraced with eagerness the opportunity to assist in the colonization of the famous Shawnee hunting-ground.

In the year 1775, a backwoods' structure, christened Logan's Fort, after its founder, arose in the wilderness of Kentucky, and within a mile of the present town of Stanford in Lincoln county. For a long time the Indians did not dare molest to the daring whites; they came often to the fort, and the settlers thought they had succeeded in securing the lasting friendship of the red men.

Now and then they heard of the progress of the Revolution, and what was their surprise when they were informed by a messenger from Boonsborough, that a force of British and Indians were hastening to the work of pillage and massacre.

The report was not credited until confirmation came, and then all necessary preparations were made for a stubborn defense.

"Here comes Kit Chidester," said a young pioneer, one evening, as the sentinel admitted a suspicious-looking individual. "I'd rather not see him here these times; he don't wear an innocent look, by any means, and I'd like to know how he can tramp without any arms."

"That's what puzzles me, Roger," answered the young man's companion. "I believe that that fellow is in league with the redskins. Hadn't you noticed how free he made with Wauregan the last time the Shawnee war-chief was here? and I caught him having a private interview with Beaver Tail in the rear of Logan's cabin. We must watch him closely, now that the Indians have dug up the hatchet, and when my suspicion of his treachery amounts to a certainty, there will be a dead man hereabouts."

The speaker's lips closed firmly over the last word, and he darted a sharp look at the burly, bearded man who was approaching.

"Well, Kit, what of our red-skinned foes; he asked with a faint smile. "You're the only scout we have seen for two days, and, of course, there's a dearth of news from the outside world."

"I anticipate no attack," returned Backwoods Kit, as he was called confidently. "I am just from Boonesborough, and they had no news there about the reported foray. "However," and he glanced around on the defences, strengthened during his absence, "it is well enough to be prepared for any emergency. But you may sleep without the dread of being awakened by the British musket."

Having thus spoken Kit Chidester moved away, and sought Colonel Logan, who was superintending the erection of an additional block-house.

"When that man said he was just from Boonesborough, he lied," said Mark Kingham, turning to Roger Halfinch. "He could not look me in the eye when he said that; he knew he was lying. It is my turn to go out in the woods to night, and Halfinch, I want you to watch that man. Do you know what happened when he was here last?"

"No."

"He had the audacity to ask Beatrice Lindsay to become his wife."

"And of course she refused—it would be like mating the dove with the vulture."

"Or the carion crow," said Kingham.

"She refused him in plain words, and he went away muttering something which she could not understand."

"His visit to the fort at this time means mischief," said Roger, "and he is not the fellow to give up our Lone Dove thus tamely. He will make a desperate struggle for her."

"Indeed, he will, Roger," returned Mark, glancing at the suspected man.

"Will you be at the gate to-night?"

"Yes."

"Then, for God's sake keep your eyes open!"

"Never fear. If that rascal comes sneaking up to me in the dark, I'll drop him."

To the pioneer twain Christopher Chidester had long been a suspected character. He encountered Logan's party in the wilderness, and had guided the emigrants to the spot where the fort had been erected. He seemed on familiar terms with the Indians, for he brought a number of prominent chiefs to the station, and aided in the clearing of the grounds.

The beauty of Beatrice Lindsay at once attracted his attention, and he tried to ingratiate himself into her favor. Seemingly, to some extent, he succeeded, for the girl did not wish to transform into an enemy him who had so willingly a hand in contributing to their comfort. She knew that he would ask her to become his bride, and at last the time came.

As Mark Kingham said, she refused him in plain language, and he left her alone in the forest, much chagrined at his defeat.

The Lone Dove of Kentucky, as the Indians called Beatrice, already loved, and she did not prefer the repulsive backwoodsman to handsome Mark Kingham. "I'll possess you yet," murmured Chidester, as he left the scene of his defeat.

"I'm not going to be put off thus by the prettiest girl in Kentucky. No, no! I'm too much of a man for that. Through your brother, Beatrice Lindsay, I'll drag you to the alter—to my bidden lodge in Chillicothe. I'll do all of this in spite of Heaven!"

As the golden god of the skies crept behind the Western horizon upon the day of Backwoods Kit's visit to Logan's Fort, the strong gate opened to permit the egress of Mark Kingham.

Since the opening of hostilities, it had been the custom of Benjamin Logan to throw several scouts into the forest every night, for the purpose of spying the vicinity of the fort, and to warn its inmates of the approach of any foes.

The young scout in question, upon this particular night, bent his steps Northward towards the Kentucky. It was a chilly night in the latter part of February, 1775, and the birds were beginning to hint at the approach of spring. The winter now almost at an end, had brought much suffering to Logan's Fort; game had been unusually scarce, and the bold and deer hunter always had the relentless savage upon his trail. The wolf and panther roamed the forest in a half-finished condition, and in attacking the well-armed settler or Indian braver.

"Hark!" muttered Mark Kingham, as the long howl of the half-starved wolf caused him to haul on the bank of a stream that delouched into the historic Kentucky. "The wolf is after somebody, and by my soul, he's bringin' 'em this way! If an Indian, I'll drop him; if a white—no, it can't be a white man, for he'd run another way—towards Logan's Fort."

As he muttered the last word, he walked some distance from the stream, and stationed himself behind a giant tree.

He was in the edge of the forest, and the moon sailing zenithward, flooded his surroundings in a mellow light.

The yell of the wolves increased in number and distinctness, and at length the scout leared the rapid tread of their victim. He seemed to have beat all his energies to the task of reaching a certain point, and he ran like one not in the least fatigued.

"Ha! here he comes!" exclaimed Mark Kingham, as a giant form loomed up between him and the light horizon, beyond the edge of the timber. "It isn't an Indian, and who can it be? Faster, faster fellow, or the wild dog will catch you!"

The scout calmly cocked his rifle, and kept his eye fastened upon the hunted man, who came directly towards him.

All at once Mark perceived that the giant bore a boy in his arms, and a minute after this discovery, he stepped from his shelter, and presented his weapon at the wolf-pursued man.

"Halt, Kit Chidester!"

The Titan uttered a cry of horror, and the youth dropped from his nerveless grip, and hid himself behind a tree.

"Kit Chidester," continued the scout, "you're engaged in pretty work, and, were I to follow the promptings of my heart, I'd drive a bullet through your brain. So you were steering Charlie, intending to force Beatrice to your arms by threatening his life. But your plots will terminate now. You've long been a suspected man, Kit Chidester, and we only wanted a proof of your treachery and perfidy, to rid the world of you. Turn your face

towards Logan's Fort. We're going back there now."

An ashy pallor overspread the traitor's face, and his form shook like the aspen's leaf. He obeyed the command, however, but, as he did so, the cry of the night hawk parted his lips.

"The second later he felt the muzzle of the scout's rifle pressed against his head.

"Repeat that signal, or make any kind of suspicious noise or gesture, and I'll throw a streak of moonlight into your head!" cried the determined scout.

"My fingers itch to press the trigger; but I reserve you for the hangman's noose."

"Then, for God's sake keep your eyes open!"

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TO EDITORS.

Any newspaper man in need of an editor can arrange with a good one, one conversant with journalism from "leader" to "local," by addressing Mark Prentiss, Box 18, Stanford, Ky.

THE RED CROSS.

The year is drawing to a close, and we need the money due us on subscription. Those of our subscribers who find a red X after their names on the margin of the paper, or on the wrapper, are politely notified their subscription is due or over due, and are requested to remit the same immediately. We desire to purchase a power press, and enlarge our paper four columns at the beginning of our second volume, and will do so if properly encouraged, and promptly paid. Please come to our assistance, friends, and we will make you the LARGEST if not the BEST weekly paper in Central Kentucky.

Yours,

It is a little contrary to our notions of right to give so much for so little, but as it seems to be expected of us in view of the fact that others do it, we will send THE INTERIOR JOURNAL to single subscribers on the receipt of \$2 for Fourteen Months—or from now until January 1st, 1873.—Well, Yes! We will give the same good bargains, i. e. send our paper until January 1st, 1874, to clubs of ten at \$1.75 each, with one copy extra. To clubs of twenty at \$1.50, one extra copy. The money must always accompany the list. We will pay Agents a liberal percentage, but no picture books.

GOLD closed at 112@113.

LOOKOUT for counterfeit nickels.

The United States pays pensions to 22,220 persons.

Our friend Mars of the Advocate is happy—it's a daughter.

THE United States Supreme Court adjourned Tuesday last.

The women who voted at Rochester, N. Y. have been arrested.

WESTERN Kentucky has, thus far escaped unclothed, the dreaded horse disease.

DEATHS are dying in Wisconsin with the terrible febrile bronchitis, (horse disease).

ACCORDING to the census report, Kentucky supports 2,059 paupers at an annual cost of \$160,717.

BARNUM's menagerie and circus is exhibiting in New York and traveling South at the same time.

MAYFIELD unbelievers are invited to view the skin of a snake fifteen feet long if they don't believe the story.

Mr. F. S. SMITH, of Munfordville, the Rothschild of the Green river country, has gone into bankruptcy.

It is reported that Mr. Burns will contest Hon. John D. Young's seat in Congress from the Tenth District.

A FIRE occurred in Lexington, Ky., November 21, which destroyed nineteen houses, mostly tenements, causing a loss of \$40,000.

PATMASTER HODGE, sentenced to ten years' imprisonment on the charge of embezzlement, has been pardoned by President Grant.

THE Indiana Legislature have committed the unpardonable sin of re-electing Senator Morton by a majority on a joint ballot of 19.

H. M. STANLEY, chief of the Herald's Livingstone expedition, has returned to New York and met with a most enthusiastic reception.

HON. JNO. G. BAXTER, Mayor of Louisville, has discovered that he is not eligible for re-election, and has withdrawn from the race.

On the 12th inst., Elijah Wilson, a minister of the Methodist church, eloped from Middleburg, in Casey county, with the wife of George Lantham.

CLOVERPORT, Kentucky, has been selected as a suitable point for a vinegar factory, on account of the numerous crops of sour old mounds around there.

THE Richmond Register demands a fire in the cell of Ben Johnson, a convicted murderer awaiting execution, now confined in the Madison county jail.

MISS PEGGIE JENKINS, aged forty, was buried in the cemetery of the Methodist church, in the atmosphere. This method practiced by Mr. Ellis for twenty six years, and out of one hundred cases of vas quite hopeful of an amicable settlement which he has performed, he has not been surprised to find aches, while by the ordinary method such cures of reconciliation are occurrence of secondary aches, only to conceal some other and means uncommon, and that of a dangerous plot, concealed and is often observed. The comparative carried out by the Radical party under this method is believed to be due to the guidance of the dangerous Gammon.

A CORNER in certain railroad stocks in New York last Friday, is said to have resulted in a gain of \$2,000,000 to Jay Gould. Several present individuals are heavily, Daniel Drew's losses being made at \$2,500,000.

BOWLING GREEN girls prefer Bus to an Old Hack.

THE COMING CONGRESS.

Judge W. P. Campbell. On Monday next, 43d Congress of the United States, will convene. It will be very largely Republican, having a majority of about 88, and more than that on joint ballot. This makes but little difference, for they have, for the last eight or ten years, had a majority sufficiently large to do all the devilmint possible within the power of a venal and corrupt legislature body, to accomplish. Our hopes are brighter for the future, however, than for years gone by. We believe men, even members of Congress, have lost some of their vindictiveness and malice, and that the 43d Congress will have a sufficiently conservative element to hold in check the rabid Radical element which comes up from the South like a flood, and down from the North like frogs, to prey upon the vital parts of the nation. If Gen. Grant, sitting as he does, to hold the check-reins over this team, will be governed by the signs, the unmistakable signs of the times, much good and will be done to the country, even by this largely Radical Congress—provided they do not remain in session too long.

THE WHIPPING POST.

Years ago, we remember to have seen a white man taken out and tied to a tree in the public square of a village, and given thirty-nine stripes on his "naked" back. His offense was, *petit larceny*—having, as was proven, taken a small pig from his neighbor, of the value of \$1.25. We have no defense to make for the petty thief. We have no excuse to offer for his crime; but in the name of civilization, in the name of Christianity, we solemnly protest against this mode of punishment for any offense whatever. It is a blear and a blot upon our statute books, and should be erased at once.

Such punishment is in keeping with the policy and the casting of criminals into the dens of wild beasts. Kentucky is behind the age in which we live so long as the miserable law is retained.

We call upon our Legislature, which is to convene at an early day, to expunge it from our statute laws. We call upon the pulpit to denounce such barbarism, and we call upon every Kentucky citizen, in every county of our Commonwealth, to urge the members of his county to agitate the question until this blot and stigma shall be buried with the dead past.

STANLEY. Our readers have all heard of Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, one of the ablest, as she is one of the most consistent, of the many inconsistent female advocates of the foolish doctrine of woman's rights in our country. She is now, and has been for sometime, going about over the country, visiting the large cities, lecturing upon her favorite subject. We had hoped that ere this the subject would have been dropped, and that public sentiment would have frowned it down, never again to be resurrected. But so long as there are tools enough in the world to make up an audience just that long will there be found "strong-minded" women enough to keep up an excitement over the doctrine. A true woman feels that she has now all the rights, privileges, and immunities, which pertain to her sex, and which are calculated to maintain her virtue and dignity among men. Those who take a different view of their position, and those who cowl and carp about things unbecoming to their sex and position in life as wives, mother, daughter, and sister, are not of sufficient mental or physical force to work a revolution of reform.

DEFEATED. We regret to know that Nat Gaither, Esq., in the Harrodsburg Senatorial District, was defeated by a Radical. Except for Mr. Gaither himself, we should not regret his defeat, for it may teach Democrats a lesson. No Convention was held. Two good Democrats went upon the track, and on the day of election, a Radical came on and was elected by a meager majority. The district is largely Democratic, and in the future, we hope our friends there will see to it that but one candidate of our party is in the field. Mr. Gaither would have made a useful and able Senator.

McALISTER & MILLER. The following is from the *Glasgow Times*: When the epizootic gets here pronounce it correctly. It isn't pronounced epizootic, but epizootic with the emphasis on the first word. The word is used in regard to diseases that prevail among animals; just as the word epidemic is applied among the people. The word epidemic is derived from two Greek words *epi*—upon, and *zoo*—the people, which means literally "upon the people." Epizootic is the adjective, from the Greek word *epizoon*, which is derived from the Greek words *epi*—upon, and *zoon*—an animal, meaning "upon an animal."

FRANCE. This government is becoming almost as unstable as that of Mexico. Since the deposition of Napoleon, she has been under the rule and sway of their and his Republican Cabinet. There has been an opposing element, led and swayed by Gambetta, a young Frenchman of decided powers of mind, and whom Theirs fears and dreads. Not only Theirs has this fear, for it is said that all the Empires and crowned heads of Europe, look upon Gambetta as a dangerous man in a country almost always on the eve of war. It is now said that serious apprehensions are felt as to the stability of the Theirs government, and it is whispered in the Republic circles that in case he is "dethrown," the party he has ruled so ably will speak out in favor of Court Marshal McMahon. The Marshal has, however, said he would refuse the position. The latest news by cable is to the effect that hatters have quieted down to a considerate—*Glasgow Times*.

DO YOU MAKE GOOD NIGHT? Do they make good night? *NYT*?

READYMADE CLOTHING. Which they are selling at

OLD PRICES. Before purchasing elsewhere, call on

37-47 McALISTER & MILLER.

McALISTER & MILLER. Are offering greater inducements in

Winter Dress Goods Than before the

BOSTON FIRE. Now is the time to buy your Boots and Shoes of McAlister & Miller; before they

ADVANCE!!

McALISTER & MILLER. Are receiving daily large invoices of

READYMADE CLOTHING. Which they are selling at

OLD PRICES. Insure in the Old Pioneer Company!

ALWAYS SAFE AND RELIABLE!

For Policies apply to

GEO. D. WEAREN, Agent, STANFORD, KY.

COAL! COAL!

F. G. BRADY, Boot and Shoe Maker,

Up Stairs over A. Owsley's Store,

STANFORD, KENTUCKY.

FIFTY female type-setters work in San Francisco, and their number is steadily increasing. They favor the comma as a punctuation.—*Ex.*

Some of 'em are lively on the dash—*Ex.*

Any of them girls of the period?

—*Glasgow Times*.

Do they make good night? *NYT*?

CORRODE THE PEN.

And will stand the action of the atmosphere for centuries required. Try it and be satisfied as to quality and price.

GEORGE MYERS, Contractor,

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NOTICE.

Those of our advertisers who desire changes made in their advertisements, must hand in copy on Monday morning next.

All communications, either of an editorial or business character, should be addressed to HIRTON & CALDWELL, Post Office, St. Paul, Minnesota.

All correspondence, advertising, subscription or job work must be sent in checks, post-office money order or express or it will be at the per cent extra.

Our stock is now ready to ship to all parts of the country.

Our agents are: J. C. Cook, Hustonville, Cray & Ormond, St. Paul, Minnesota; E. H. Bryant, Gum Sulphur, L. S. Jones, Hill.

Please Renew.

If you find a cross mark in ink after your name on the margin of this paper, or on the wrapper, it signifies that your time is out, and you are requested to renew.

To Our Subscribers.

Our subscribers are particularly notified that we employ no collectors. All sums due us must be paid to one of the proprietors of this journal, or in our absence, to our foreman, if you desire proper credits thereto.

Subscription Paid this Week.

To prevent errors and to obviate the necessity of receiving the names of our subscribers, we will publish every week the names of those who pay us; which shall be a receipt to them. If you have remitted your dues by mail during this week and your name does not appear in this issue, you are notified that we have not received it.

L. H. Singleton, county, \$1 50
Evan Waters, Danville, 1 00
J. G. Hall, Somersett, 1 00
Texas Carter, Colorado, 2 00
T. W. Higgins, county, 2 00

Subscription.

Rev. J. M. Sallee, of the Baptist Church, is holding a very interesting meeting at Moore's school house, in Casey county.

The disciples of Christ claim to have over sixty thousand communicants in Kentucky, and some estimate the number at ninety thousand.

A protracted meeting, conducted by Rev. M. Campbell, of Glasgow, Rev. Mr. Brooks, and Rev. Mr. State, of Warren county, in Barren county, terminated last week, after a continuance of two weeks, which resulted in about thirty-five accessions, distributed among the Methodist, Baptist and Presbyterian churches.

Rev. George O. Barnes, of this place, delivered last Sunday, at Hall's Gap church, a masterly discourse upon the text, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, you must be born again." The earnest manner of the speaker, his glowing and undutiful eloquence and profound yet undutiful learning explained in the most satisfactory manner a text which has been "to the Jew a stumbling block, and to the Greek, foolishness."

Personal.

Mr. J. D. McNeil, the Train Dispatcher at Richmond Junction, promises to furnish us reports of the business done at that point, which will surprise our readers on account of the immense amount.

Mr. J. M. Sandifer, the photographer, requests us to say that he will remain with us ten days longer. Those who desire work in his line should avail themselves of the opportunity now afforded them while the weather is propitious.

Mr. W. Al. Owsley ("Flaesus"), son of Hon. Bryan O. Owsley, deceased, has been several days in Lincoln and adjoining counties, for the purpose of selecting a town somewhere in Central Kentucky to establish a paper. He is now on familiar ground, having gone to school here when a boy and often followed the tumultuous fox-hunt all over the classic "Knobs"—a sport much in vogue with "young bloods" fifteen years ago. He has many relatives here among our best citizens by whom he is much esteemed. He is a young man of brilliant talents and an able, incisive newspaper writer. We hope he will find a location suited to his wishes.

Matrimonial.

IN DANVILLE—On the 19th inst., by Rev. W. F. Junkin, Dr. J. D. Plunkett, of Nashville, Tenn., to Miss ELIZA J. SWOPE, daughter of J. B. Swope, Esq.—On Tuesday, 26th inst., Mr. G. L. CHRISTIAN, of Independence, Mo., to Miss LOTTIE S. DUKE, daughter of W. S. Duke....On the 21st inst., Mr. W. C. GEINSTEAD, of Parksville, to Miss FANNIE CALDWELL, daughter of G. S. Caldwell.

MADISON COUNTY.—On the 12th inst., ISAAC D. TODD to CYNTHIA A. TODD....On the 13th inst., LAMER F. COYLE to SUSAN M. HENDERSON....On the 14th inst., JEFFERSON STONE to SARAH ANN THORNSHIRE....On the 15th inst., WILHELM LARSEN to ELIZABETH LOGAN....On the 18th inst., JOHN E. GREENBAUGH to MISS ANNIE BUSBY....On the 19th inst., P. M. POPE to MISS JOSE RICE....Same day, A. PEARSON, of Lexington, Ky., to MISS MATTIE STOCH, of Richmond.

The Burnett Performances.

It does not happen every day that one gets so fully the worth of ones money as we have had at the two entertainments given by Mr. Burnett and his assistants, Miss Nash and Mr. Sharples, on Monday and Tuesday nights, last. Of Mr. B's. excellence it is needless to say anything; he is too well known and recognized as one of the very best of living humorists; and as an actor in farcical contortions stands since the death of Winchell, without a rival upon the comic stage. Miss Nash is a lady of rare attainments in dialogue acting and elocutionary condition, which are the more attractive by reason of a person of unusual elegance and good looks. Of Mr. Sharples' performances upon the concertina it was impossible to speak in extravagant terms; it is simply wonderful. He evokes from this little instrument such concord of sweet sounds as we deemed it incapable of. We doubt if Viennese or Tosca could produce from their renowned cremones more ravishing strains than sweetly thrilled us from this single octagonal instrument under the touch of this incomparable master. The exquisite pathos of his rendition of "The Last Rose of Summer," and "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother," would have touched the coarsest nature. And altogether the whole performance of this gifted trio is a first class one, and we congratulate Springfield, whither they go from here, on the treat in store for her people.

Death of D. M. Lyon.

This old citizen-farmer, so long a resident of our county, died of pneumonia it was days since, after returning from the South, whither he had gone with a lot of mules. His death will be seriously mourned by all who knew him. He was a man of high honor and integrity, and to his stricken family we tender our sincere sympathy.

FOR pure Cider Vinegar, of the best quality, go to W. H. Anderson's.

LOCAL BREVIETIES.

HUSTONVILLE, KY., Nov. 27, 1872.

Correspondence Interior Journal:
Episodic Raging—Another Recruit in the Turkey Campaign—A Scandal Occurred.

At last we are isolated, sequestered, separated from "all the world and the rest of mankind." The epo-zo-olde holds the winning cards, and play them relentlessly. Remember we have no railroad, and Thomas has put his stage-houses in hospital. Jim Murphy no longer enlivens our village with his genial presence and our only boast—the best, the most accommodating, the most gentlemanly stage conductor on the broad green earth—is gone.

Thanks for your last week. We have great faith in the JOURNAL, and enlist in the "Turkey War." We will risk our lives, and pledge our credit, and compromise our sacred honor—for the Turkey campaign. Already our individual selves have two famous goliaths (poorly named no how,) supinely on their backs, with their feet in their breeches pockets.

Our boys misook last night for Christmas. The usual holocaust of Roman candles was offered—the "anvil chorus" performed with thunderous intonations, and the small fry were jubilant.

But we have a paragraph of solemn interest. Two funeral processions united on Sunday last, from the village to the cemetery. The first, that of Mrs. Mattie, wife of E. S. Powell; her funeral sermon was preached to a solemn, interested and tearful audience, by Rev. C. A. Marshall, of Lancaster. The second, our well known fellow-citizen, D. M. Lyon, who died at Shelby City on his way from Louisville. His remains were taken charge of, and interred by the Masonic Order, with the touching and imposing ceremonies of that Ancient Order.

They ask you to insert the appended action. In haste, F.

FROM HUSTONVILLE.

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IN MEMORIAM.

HUSTONVILLE, KY., Nov. 23d, 1872.

At a meeting of the Hustonville Lodge, No. 184, held Nov. 22d, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Great Architect above, to call from his labor our brother, D. M. Lyon, therefore:

Resolved, 1. That this Lodge, with high respect for the memory of the departed, and deep sympathy with his bereaved family, will attend his funeral, and consign his remains to earth with the honors of our Order.

Resolved, 2. That we wear the usual badge of mourning for the period of thirty days.

Resolved, 3. That a copy of this action, signed by the proper officers, be tendered to the family of our deceased brother, and to the leaders in the *Demolie Adelante*, and the *Interior Journal*.

E. W. ALICORN, J. C. RIFFE, J. Comtee, J. B. GREEN, J.

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FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1872.

Advice to Colored Men.

We dip the following good advice to colored men from the *Louisville Weekly Planet*, a paper edited by colored men, and entitled to the support of every man of that race in this country, and to the encouragement of all good citizens:

It is not what we eat, but what we digest that makes us fat.

It is not what we read, but what we remember that makes us learned.

It is not what we earn, but what we save that makes us rich.

These are aims which have governed and still ought to govern, all who have succeeded, and will still succeed.

And long since, "Where there is a will there is a way," has been the watchword of all whose names are enrolled on the pages of history, as men of honor, genius and wisdom.

While we seek the crowded city, and huddle together in small rooms and smoky shanties, situated on alleys, in basements and over stables, breathing vitiated air, unavoidable under such circumstances, we may expect the prevalence of consumption and all the loathsome diseases which spread like fire in the wide prairie. Nor can we expect to preserve a vigorous and healthy constitution by the application of wholesome food and medical prescriptions.

If our avocation furnishes and insufficiency of means, by which we are enabled to live in well ventilated rooms situated upon the streets, where we can breathe the pure air, necessary to give vitality to the system, both mental and physical, let us at once and promptly desert the city and seek the country, where we can earn and obtain honest living, be independent and enjoy the fruits of our labor.

Millions of acres of untilled land are inviting us to come and gather sustenance from their rich and inexhaustable stores of wholesome food in an hospitable atmosphere.

Yet, while all the avenues to wealth and prosperity are open to us, we refuse them all, and corruption is raising its hydra head awaiting an opportunity to devour us.

The public mind is being abused with the idea the colored man is a voting chisel.

Hence each candidate calculates the value of the office, next value of each vote, and uses his money accordingly.

Candidates are thronged with men, offering for sale their votes.

Awash with such corruption as that, Disbuse the mind of the public of the idea that your vote is worth just so much in legal currency. Do not depend on political canvassing to earn and obtain your bread. Get off the street corners, Have some trade, profession, or honest occupation by which you may acquire an honest livelihood, and thus hand down to posterity your liberties so dearly bought.

Faithful labor and untiring energy, strict economy and frugality, are the only means by which we can become a great people.

It is said, and with reason we think, "that we must educate." Knowledge is power, and he who possesses it, wields an influence.

It is the key to wealth and fame; nor can we, more than other men, expect to attain eminence by any other means than that which underlies all that is great and noble.

Another question of vital importance to the colored people, is the accumulation of wealth.

The possession of the Almighty dollar is one of the most effective elements by which an influence is wielded in this country.

Of money we need the most and possess the least.

We say the most needed because without it we are unable to attain knowledge.

An example, take Louisville. Here we are limited to \$13,300 for the education of about 3,000 children.

The amount of taxable property of the city is about \$412,000, belonging to the colored property owners.

The cause of our poverty is not idleness, or vagrancy. We are an industrious and working people, we make money enough; but we are to some extent a spendthrift people.

We love pleasure more than money, and fine dress more than independence.

Thousands of dollars are annually thrown away on railroad excursions, and many more on pic-nic occasions.

We prefer rather to live in fine houses than our own homes. We prefer rather to elect a man to office for five dollars paid in hand, than save ten dollars in the way of taxation.

We prefer, rather than suffer a little humiliation, to spend a thousand dollars in litigation.

In fact, all the money we make, we rest not till it is out of our hands, and we are content to work for our living, and our first duty then is to learn the law of economy, and faithfully apply it. Save the cents and the dollars will take care of themselves. Self-denial, is one of the first of christian virtues.

Rather than spend twenty dollars on railroad excursions, let us deposit in the bank. Rather than spend thirty dollars for a picnic, let us invest in real estate. Rather than spend fifty dollars in litigation, let us suffer a temporary humiliation. And remember, every dollar thus spent is a complete transfer of property to the white people, and not a dollar the education of our youths, as the law now stands.

We need and demand education, and money and only way to obtain it is the acquisition of property.

The almighty dollar will annual proportion, repeal class legislation and con-

sign prejudices to an ignominious grave.

We repeat, a free people must be a thoughtful people.

Independence, education and strict economy should ever direct our actions in our intercourse with men.

PHUNNY-PUNNIES.

GRIT bakers—Female bakers.

A blacksmith can not only shoe a horse himself, but he can make a horse shoe.

I don't remember ever having seen you before," as the lawyer said to his son.

Why is the alphabet like cutting the first teeth? Because it is taught you (to teeth) when we are young.

Hosiery, Gloves, Shawls, Ladies Vests and Pants, Gentlemen's Linen Shirts, Merino Shirts and Drawers; Trunks, Valises, etc., etc.

Prints, Brown Cottons, Blended Cottons, Tickings, Linseys, White and Colored Flannels.

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